I will performe it to infranchiſe you,
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt nere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands:
But who comes heere, the new deliuered *Haſtings*?
Enter Lord Haſtings.
Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemies, are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pittie that the Eagle ſhould be mewed,
While Kites and Buzzards prey at libertie.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phiſitions feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by St. *Paul* this neewes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch conſumed his Royall perſon,
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What, is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you, *Exit Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die
Till *George* be packt with poſt horſe vp to heauen,

With lyes well ſteeld with weightie arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buſſell in:
For then Ile marry *Warwicks* yongeſt daughter.
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her which I muſt reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horſe to Market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit.*
Enter Lady Anne, with the hearſe of Harry the 6.
Lady Anne. Set downe, ſet downe your honorable Lord,
If honor may be ſhrowded in a hearſe,
Whileſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous *Lancaſter*.
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Thou bloodles remnant of that royall blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghoſt,
To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtered ſonne,
Stabd by the ſelfe ſame hands that made theſe holes:
Loe, in thoſe windowes that let forth thy life,
I poure the helpeleſſe blame of my poore eyes.
Curſt be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curſt be the heart, that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wiſh to Adders, Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light;
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall aſpect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view,